

# STARBLAZER

SPACE FICTION ADVENTURE IN PICTURES No. 129

20p

CHARIOTS  
OF FEAR



# STARBLAZER



BY 2000 AD, TENTATIVE STEPS HAD BEEN TAKEN TO SET UP SPACE COLONIES, BUT IT WAS IN THE TECHNOLOGICAL BOOM OF 2050 THAT CITIES WERE FINALLY ESTABLISHED. MANNED DEEP SPACE FLIGHT WAS STILL VIRTUALLY UNKNOWN, AND NO INDICATION OF ANY OTHER LIFEFORMS HAD EVER BEEN FOUND. ON AN EARTH SPACE CITY, THREE MEN WERE NOT FAR AWAY FROM A CLOSE ENCOUNTER WITH THE




# CHARIOTS OF FEAR



IT WAS SEPTEMBER 30, 2070 AND LIFE ON THE  
LARGEST OF EARTH'S SPACE CITY ORBITERS,  
MAGNUS III, WENT ON AS USUAL

OPENING OUTER HATCH. REPAIR TEAM TO  
SHUTTLE LAUNCH BAY 4, PLEASE ...

4  
THE REPAIR TEAM, HEADED BY JIM McDONAGH, REACHED BAY 4 —



CHIEF ENGINEER TOD MORGAN AND  
PROFESSOR MOWBRAY, YOUR  
EQUIPMENT'S ALREADY ABOARD,  
GENTLEMEN.

SECONDS LATER THE CRAFT SLID OUT —



RUPTURE IS  
IN YELLOW SECTOR.

THE DAMAGE HAS EXPOSED ELECTRONIC  
CIRCUITS, JIM. THEY COULD BURN OUT ...



STOP TALKING, AND GET  
ME DOWN THERE.

RIGHT ... ER ... PROFESSOR. SWITCHING  
CRAFT TO COMPUTER PILOT.

PROFESSOR MOWBRAY WAS THE CRAFT'S TECHNICAL DIRECTOR, AND NONE TOO PATIENT.

AT THAT MOMENT IN MAGNUS III'S RADAR CENTRE ...



A METEORITE STORM. IT'S  
HEADING STRAIGHT FOR US ... !

WARN THE SHUTTLE CRAFT, BEFORE  
IT'S SMASHED TO BLAZES!



NEXT MOMENT ...


WE'RE TOO LATE!

WHAT...? HANG ON...!

UNPREPARED FOR THE TURBULENCE, THE REPAIR CRAFT'S CREW WERE THROWN ABOUT —




7  
A CLOSE WATCH WAS BEING KEPT ON THE SCANNERS OF MAGNUS III —



WE'VE SCANNED ALL SECTIONS.  
THERE'S NOT A SIGN OF THE SHUTTLE CRAFT.

IT MUST'VE DISINTEGRATED. POOR  
DEVILS! THEY DIDN'T STAND A CHANCE ...

BUT ...



WE'RE STILL IN ONE PIECE.  
IT'S A MIRACLE!

WE WERE JUST SWEEPED UP AND TOSSED  
CLEAR, LIKE PAPER IN THE WIND, JIM.

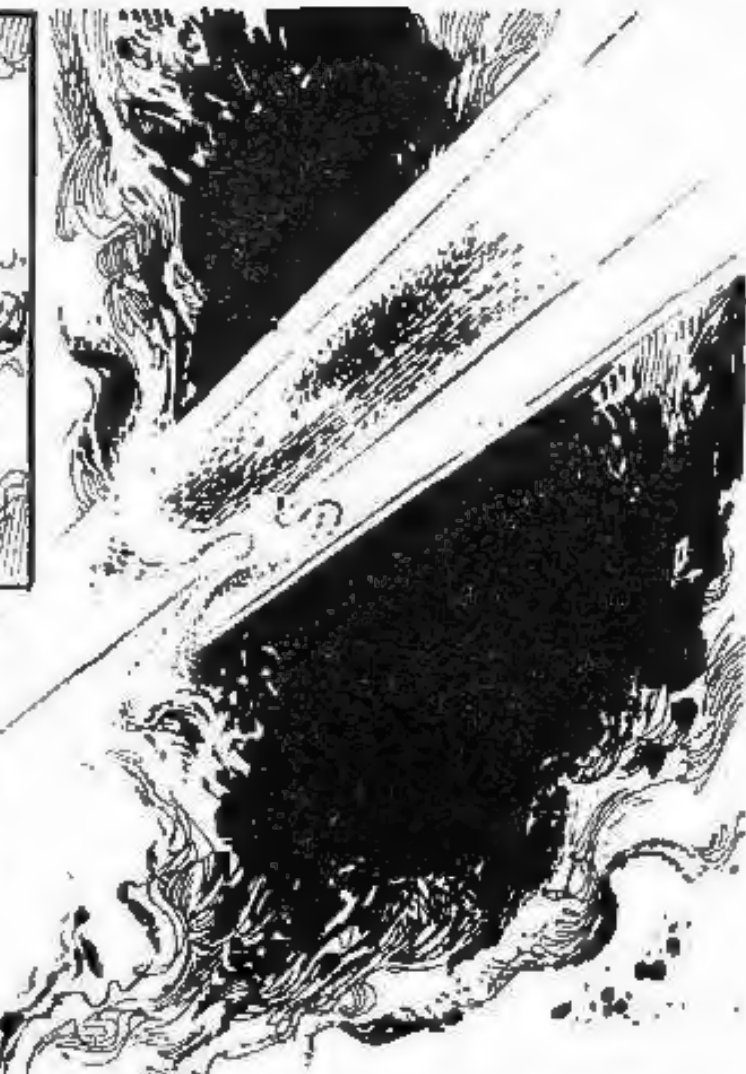


I'M AFRAID WE'RE NOT OUT OF TROUBLE YET. LOOK!



WHAT WAS IT, PROFESSOR?

ONE OF THE MYSTERIES OF SPACE, MORGAN. A WORM HOLE.



WE'RE BEING PULLED IN—TO NOTHING, NOT EVEN SPACE.

THEN WE COULD BE TRAPPED FOR EVER!

WORM HOLES WERE TWISTING TUNNELS OF PURE ENERGY THOUGHT TO LEAD TO THE ALTERNATE UNIVERSE.





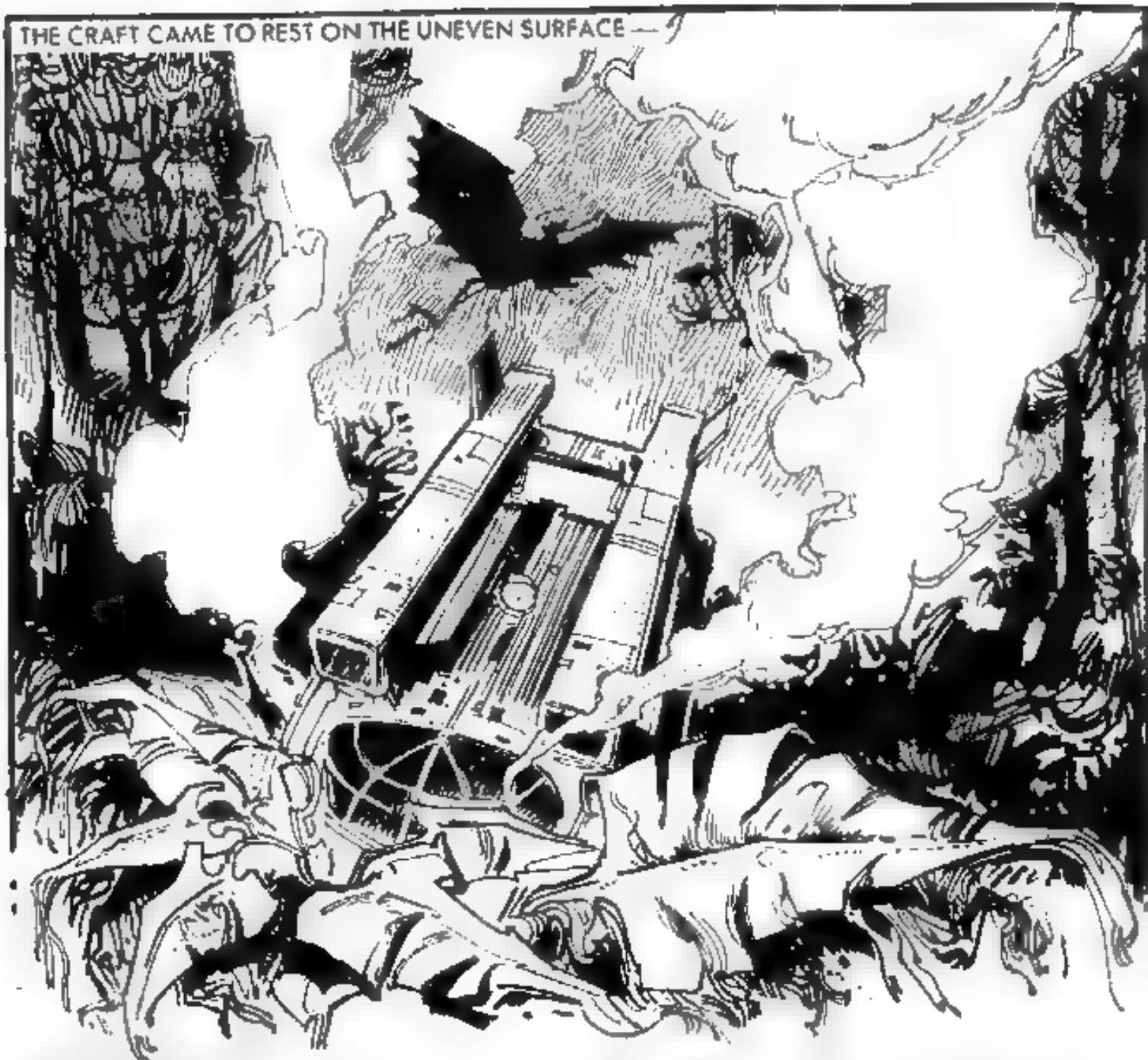
THE CRAFT ENTERED THE ATMOSPHERE —

A CRASH-LANDING'S OUR BEST HOPE.  
WE'VE LESS THAN FOUR MINUTES  
POWER LEFT.

THE PLANET'S GRAVITY DREW THEM DOWN —

RETRO BRAKES FIRED!  
WE'RE TOUCHING DOWN...

THE CRAFT CAME TO REST ON THE UNEVEN SURFACE —



ALL INSTRUMENTS DEAD — NO  
COMPUTER RESPONSE. IT'S  
ANYONE'S GUESS WHAT'S  
OUTSIDE ...



THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO FIND OUT.  
I'M GETTING USED TO RISKS ...



STRANGE LIFEFORMS FLOATED PAST —

IT COULD BE WORSE, THERE'S  
LIFE — OF A SORT.

WEIRD INSECTS AND A GIANT SWAMP, HARDLY  
ADVANCED CIVILISATION ...

BUT UNSEEN EYES WATCHED —



STAY CLOSE — THERE COULD  
BE LARGER CREATURES ...

HARDLY REASSURING, PROFESSOR.  
I WAS NERVOUS ALREADY ...

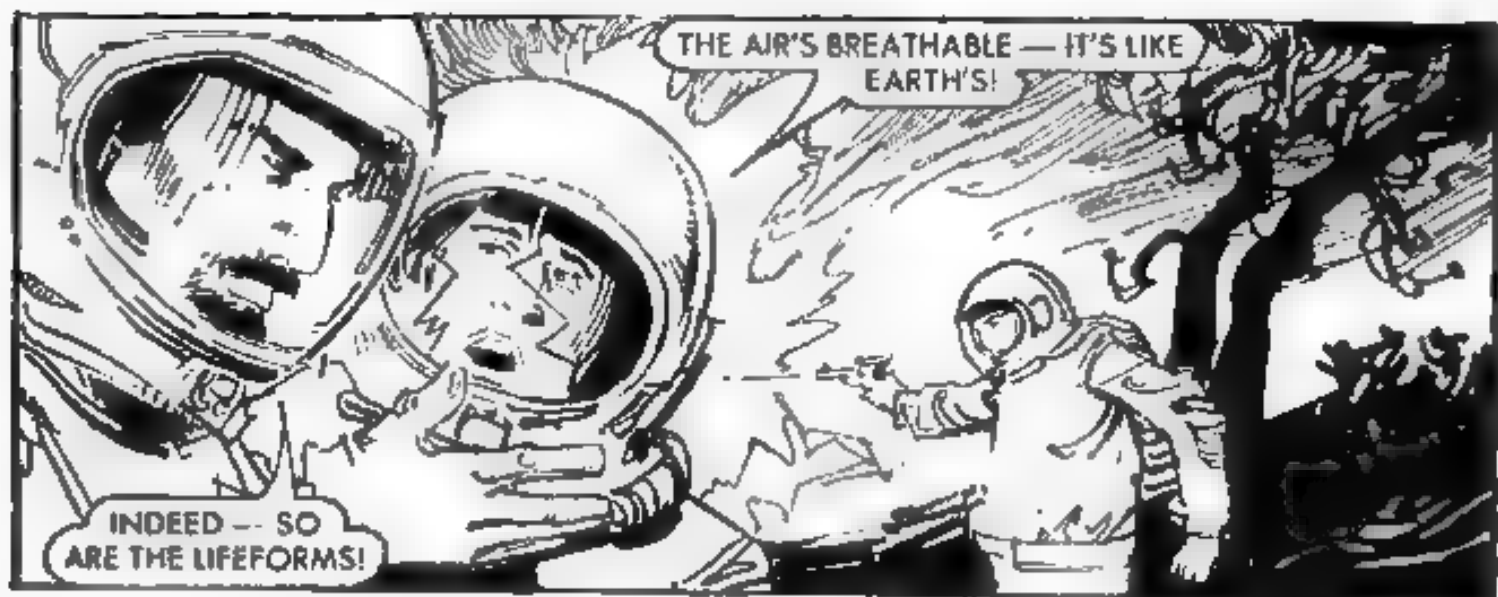
HIGHLY PROBABLE, I'D SAY. JUST  
THINK OF THE VARIETY ON EARTH.

UHH!

JIM TRIPPED ...

... AND HIS GAMMABLASTER WENT OFF.

JIMI GLORY — LOOK OVER THERE!





TALKING OF SIMILAR LIFEFORMS, THE ONE WE  
STUNNED IS COMING ROUND.

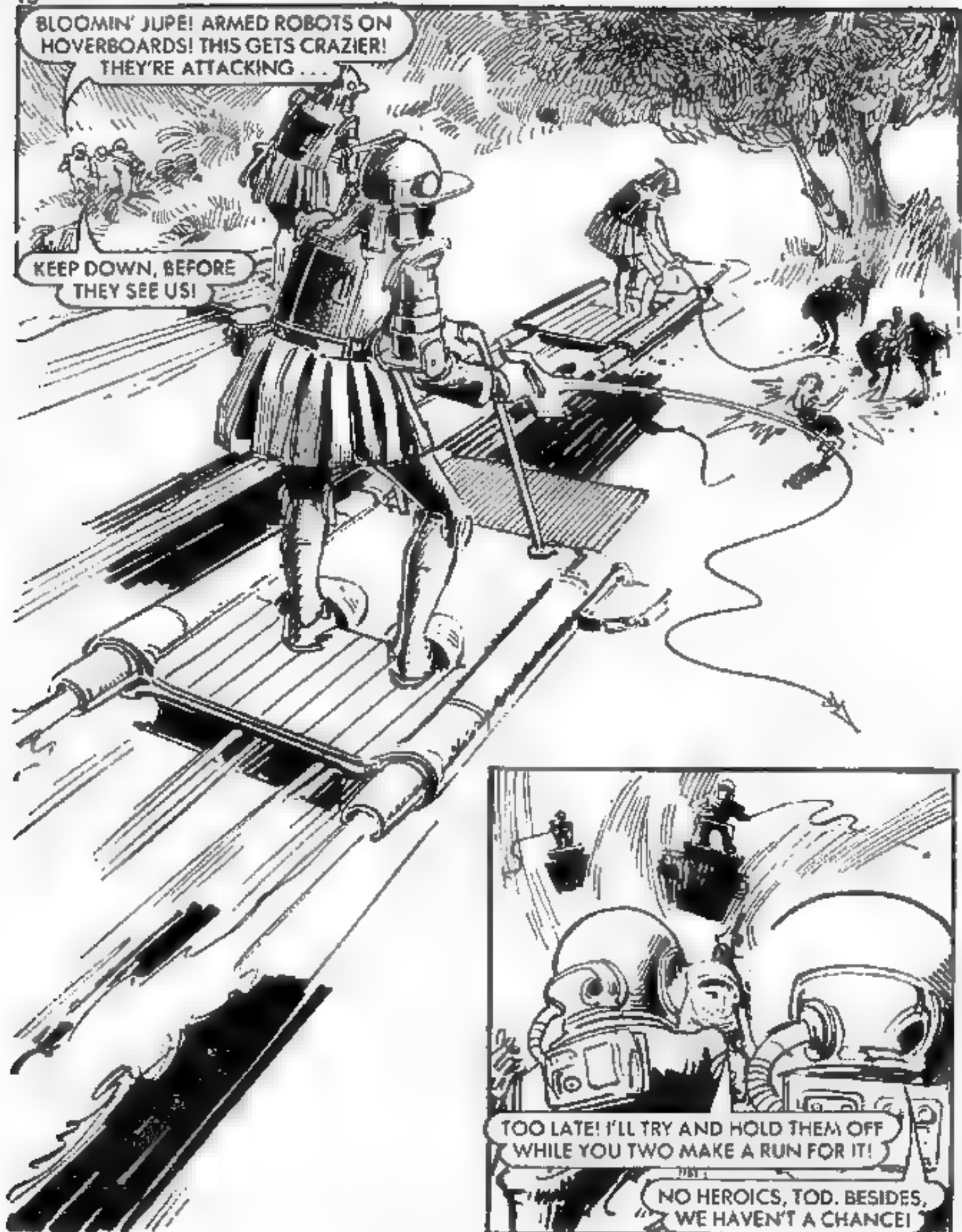
WE MIGHT BE ABLE TO CONVINCE THEM WE  
WANT HELP NOT TROUBLE.

SUDDENLY...

BRAKATS! BRAKATS!

BLOOMIN' JUPE! ARMED ROBOTS ON  
HOVERBOARDS! THIS GETS CRAZIER!  
THEY'RE ATTACKING ...

KEEP DOWN, BEFORE  
THEY SEE US!



TOO LATE! I'LL TRY AND HOLD THEM OFF  
WHILE YOU TWO MAKE A RUN FOR IT!

NO HEROICS, TOD. BESIDES,  
WE HAVEN'T A CHANCE!







THEIR JOURNEY ENDED AMONGST ELEGANT GRECIAN-LIKE BUILDINGS —



OUR HOSTS ARE REMARKABLY CIVILISED!

WELCOME, STRANGERS. YOU WILL  
RECEIVE EVERY COMFORT. I AM ANGOR.



IT SEEMS YOU UNDERSTAND  
US, TOO, ANGOR

WE ICONS CAN INTERPRET ANY SOUND PATTERN. OUR SCANNERS PICKED UP YOUR SPACECRAFT.



SOMEHOW WE HAVE TO GET IT OUT OF THAT SWAMP.

FIRST REFRESH YOURSELVES. YOU WILL NOT NEED YOUR WEAPONS! THOSE OF OUR BRAKAT SERVANTS ARE SUFFICIENT.



ANGOR SEEMS THE PERFECT HOST. BUT I'M STILL NOT AT EASE



I HAVE A SIMILAR FEELING. HOWEVER, THEY SEEM TO MEAN NO HARM. AND WE CAN LEARN A LOT. THE ICON ARE LIGHT YEARS AHEAD OF US.



LATER...

AS YOU SEE, WEICONS ARE A PEACEFUL  
RACE. BRAKATS DO ALL WORK...

BUT WHAT OF THE SWAMP  
PEOPLE, ANGOR?



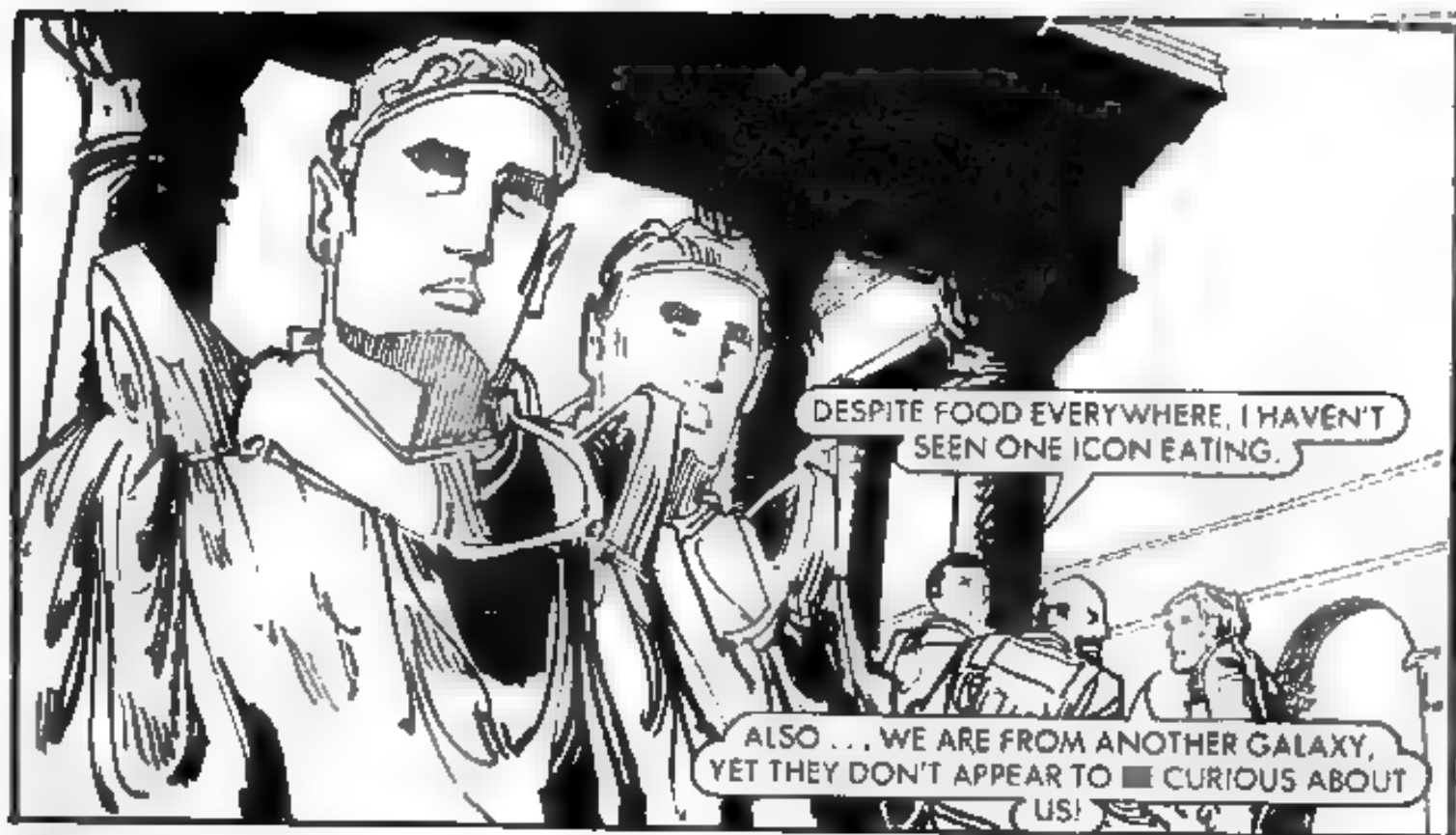
THEY ARE PRIMITIVES WHO SEEK TO DESTROY ALL  
WE HAVE BUILT. WE MUST DEAL WITH THEM  
HARSHLY.



WELL, PROFESSOR? IT APPEARS THE ICONS  
AREN'T ABOVE VIOLENCE -- EVEN THOUGH  
BRAKATS DO IT FOR THEM.

THERE'S SOMETHING  
ELSE, TOO ...





DESPITE FOOD EVERYWHERE, I HAVEN'T  
SEEN ONE ICON EATING.

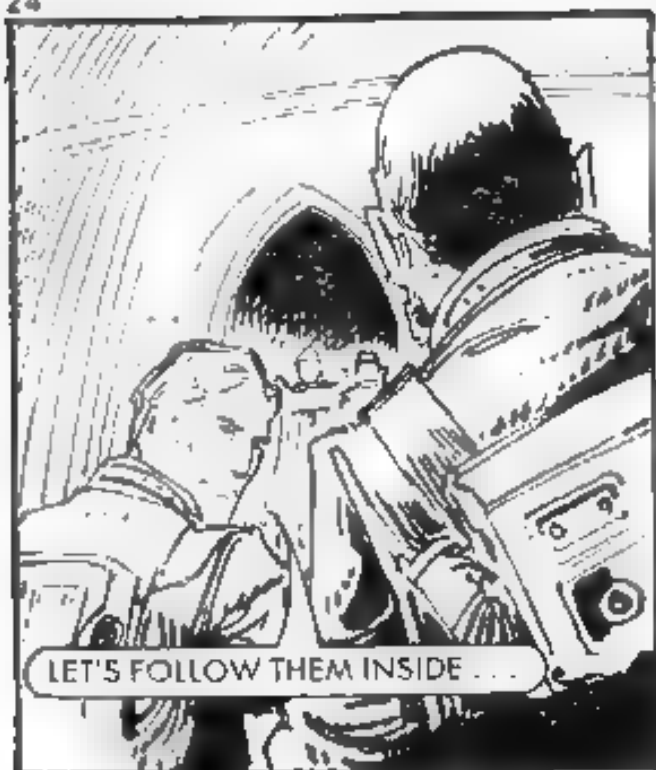
ALSO... WE ARE FROM ANOTHER GALAXY,  
YET THEY DON'T APPEAR TO BE CURIOUS ABOUT  
US!



THAT BUILDING — IT'S NOTHING LIKE THE  
REST.

INTERESTING. I  
WONDER WHAT IT IS...?





BUT ...



NO ONE MAY ENTER EXCEPT OUR ICON MASTERS  
... YOU ARE FORBIDDEN.

YOU MADE YOUR POINT, FRIEND.  
NO NEED TO BE SO TOUCHY ...



GO — THE COUNCIL IS NOW READY FOR YOU!

YET ANOTHER MYSTERY . . . WHAT IS GOING  
ON HERE?



AT THE TEMPLE OF THE ICON COUNCIL —

WE ARE FROM EARTH. THE THIRD  
PLANET IN THE MILKY WAY'S BIGGEST  
SYSTEM. WE WOULD APPRECIATE  
ASSISTANCE TO RETURN.

WE KNOW NOTHING OF YOUR  
PLANET. EVERYTHING YOU  
REQUIRE IS HERE — ON  
PORTAN.



THE COUNCIL HAS DECIDED THAT YOU WILL REMAIN WITH US. IN TIME, YOU WILL FORGET EARTH COMPLETELY.



BUT A BRAKAT GUARD STOPPED TOD SHORT —

NO! YOU CAN'T DO THIS ...



DO NOT BE FOOLISH! YOU WILL BE SHOWN TO YOUR QUARTERS.

EASY, JIM ...!





THE THREE EARTHMEN WERE TAKEN TO THEIR QUARTERS

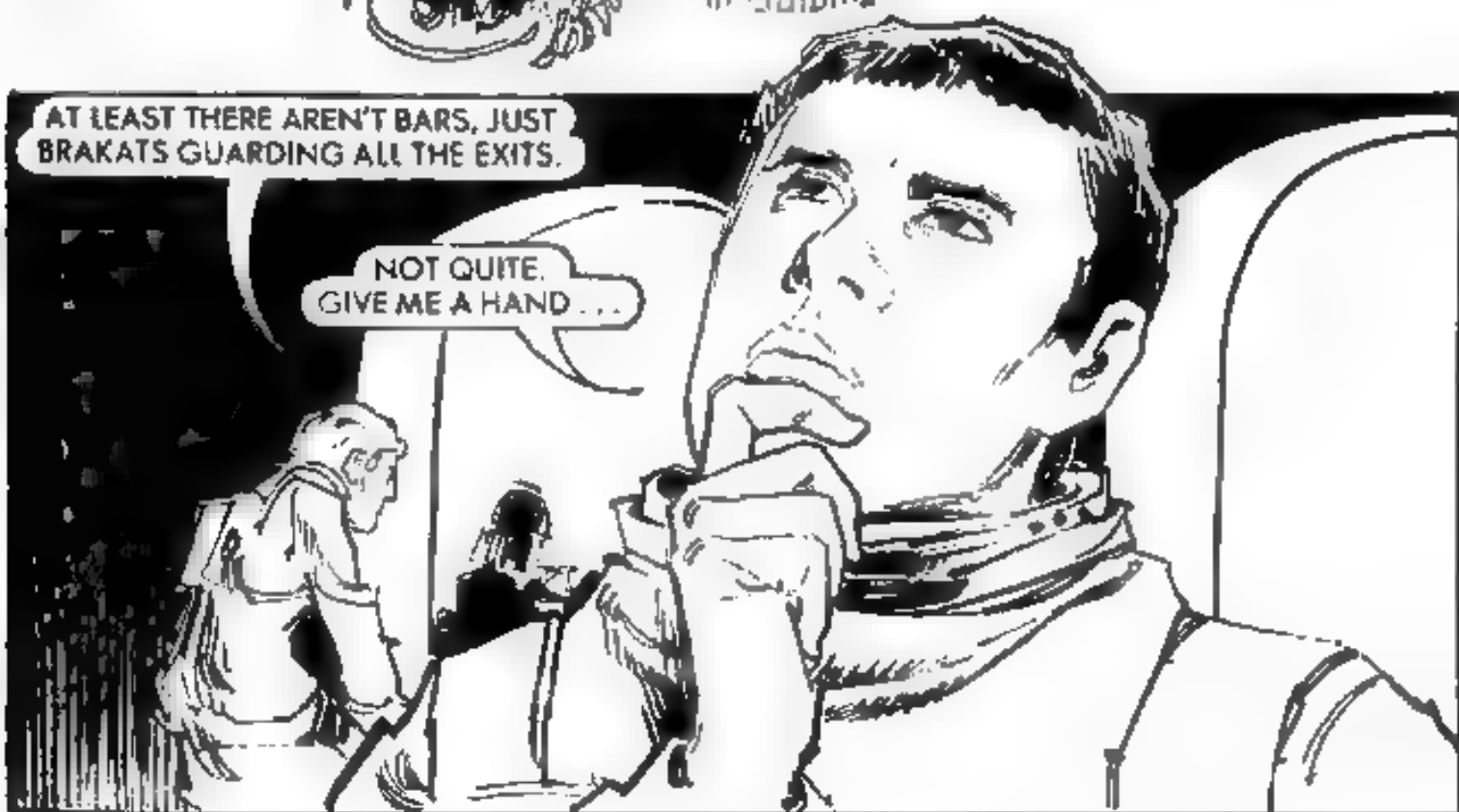
THANKS FOR THE ESCORT. I GUESS WE WON'T  
BE GOING OUT AGAIN FOR A WHILE.

PRISONERS IN A LUXURY CELL! BUT  
STILL A CELL NEVERTHELESS!



AT LEAST THERE AREN'T BARS, JUST  
BRAKATS GUARDING ALL THE EXITS.

NOT QUITE.  
GIVE ME A HAND...





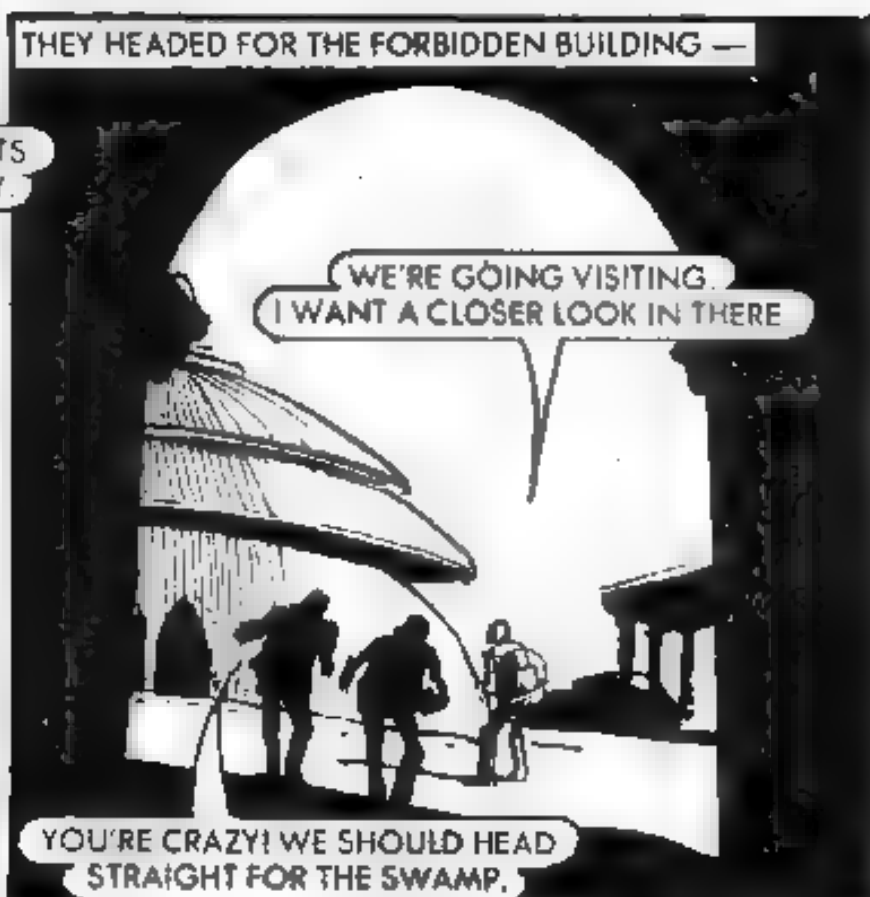






FOLLOW ME! JUST PRAY THOSE BRAKATS  
DON'T FIND MY HELMET TOO QUICKLY.

THEY HEADED FOR THE FORBIDDEN BUILDING —



WE'RE GOING VISITING.  
I WANT A CLOSER LOOK IN THERE

YOU'RE CRAZY! WE SHOULD HEAD  
STRAIGHT FOR THE SWAMP.



THERE MUST BE A GOOD REASON FOR THIS  
BUILDING BEING OFF LIMITS! IT COULD TELL US  
MORE ABOUT THE ICONS ...

BUT AS JIM TOUCHED THE DOOR —



WHAT...? NNGH!

LOOK OUT! YOU'VE ACTIVATED  
SOME KIND OF FORCE FIELD!

BACK AT THEIR QUARTERS —

THE PRISONERS TRICKED US!  
THEY HAVE ESCAPED!



FIND THEM! OUR MASTERS  
DO NOT TOLERATE FAILURE!











THE HOVERBOARD CRASHED TO THE GROUND —













HERE COME THE BRAKATS . . .



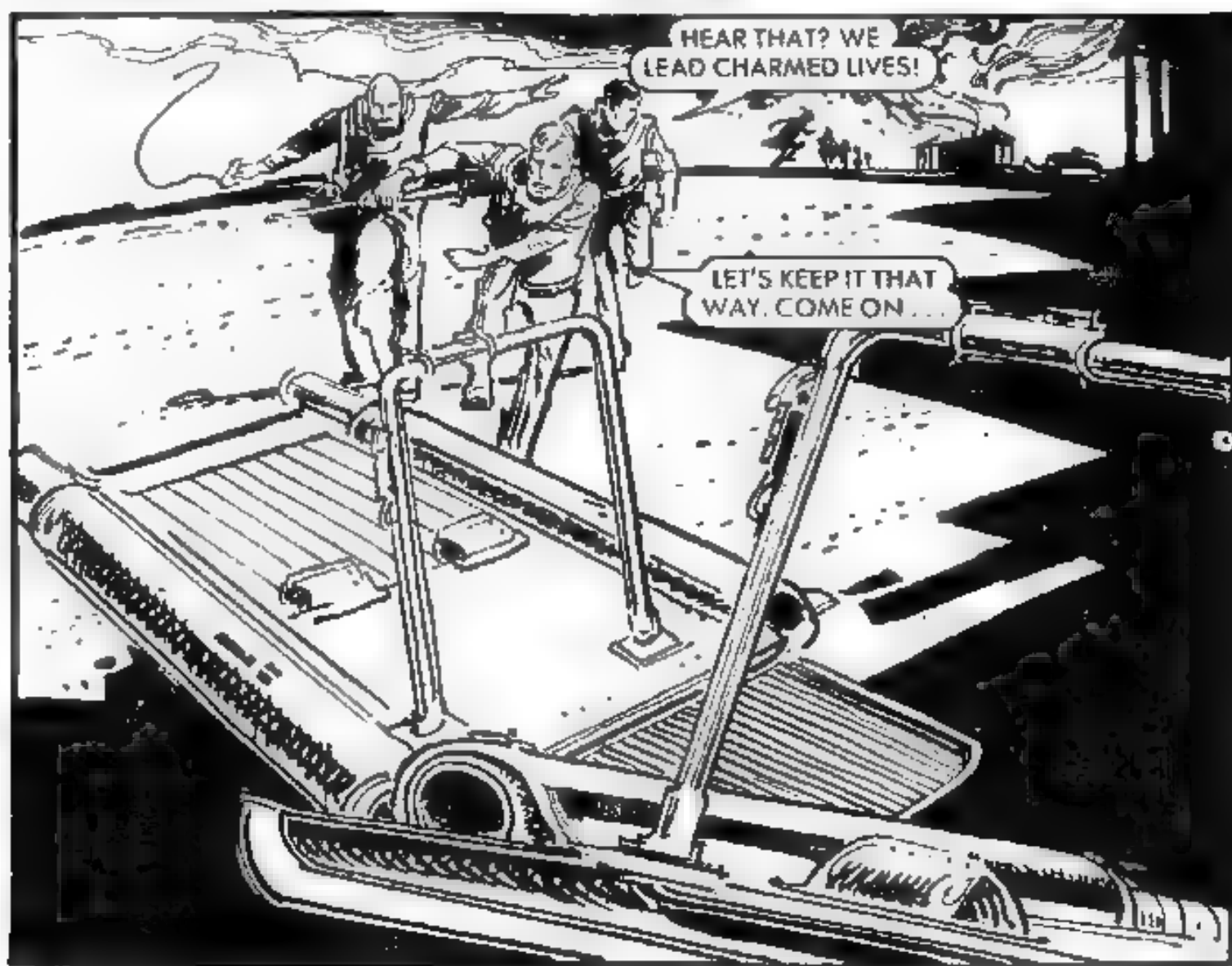
A SMALL ARMY OF THEM. ONLY  
A MIRACLE CAN SAVE US NOW.



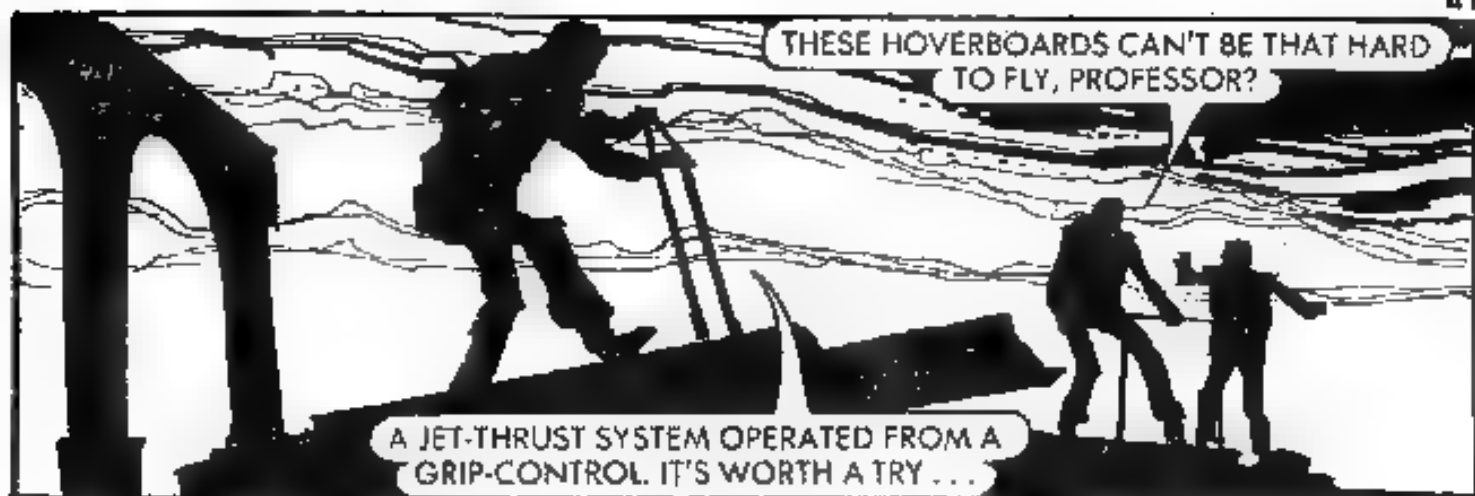
OVER THERE! THAT  
LIGHT! IT'S A FIRE . . .

THE TEMPLE BURNS!

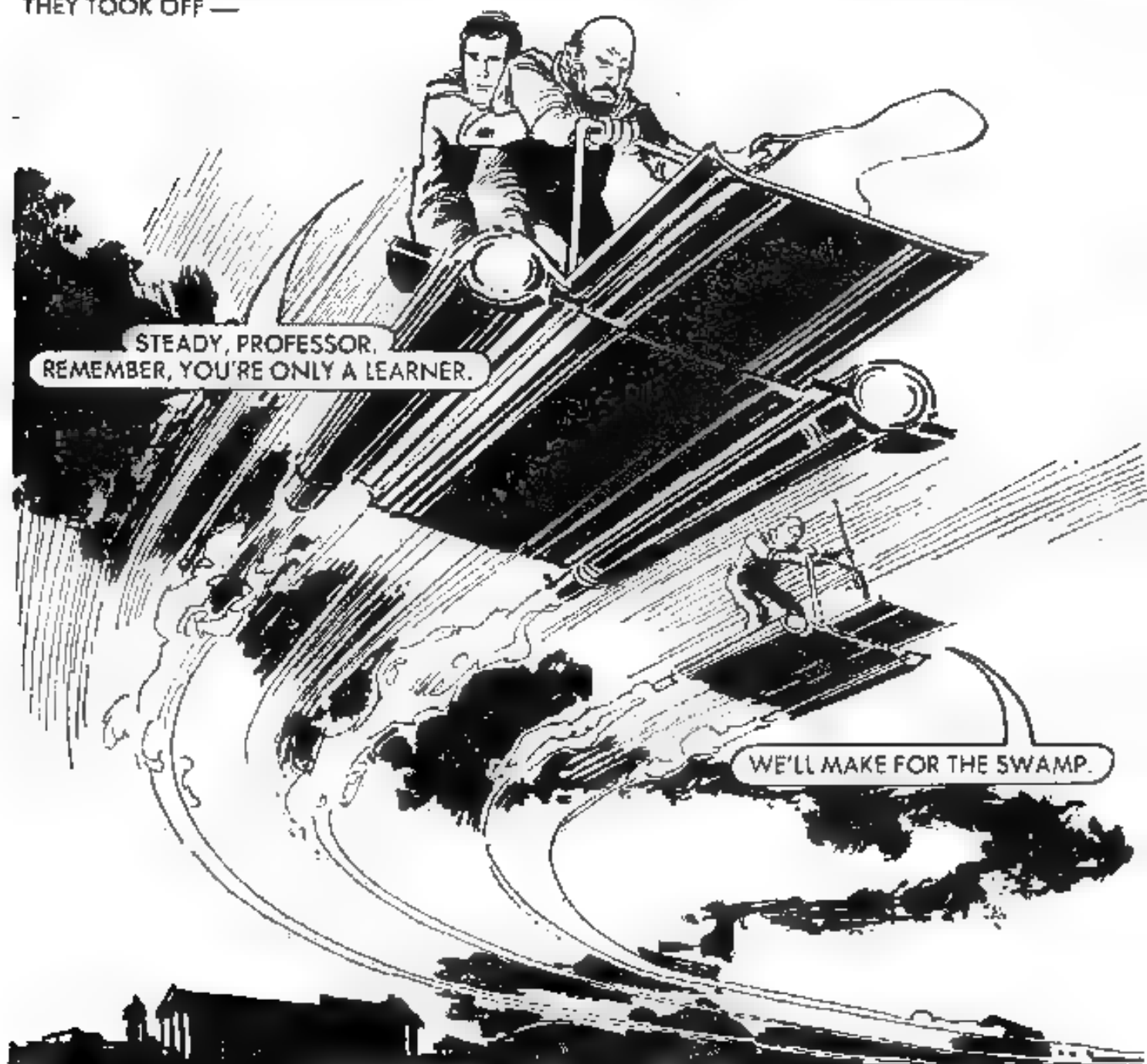








THEY TOOK OFF —



ON THE EDGE OF THE CITY . . .

UUUAH! YANA! YANA!

NIKA — TAN!



MEANWHILE . . .

THE TEMPLE IS SAFE, MASTER.  
BUT THE EARTHINGS HAVE FLED . . .

YOU SAY THEY  
ATTACKED AN ICON?







IN THE SWAMP —







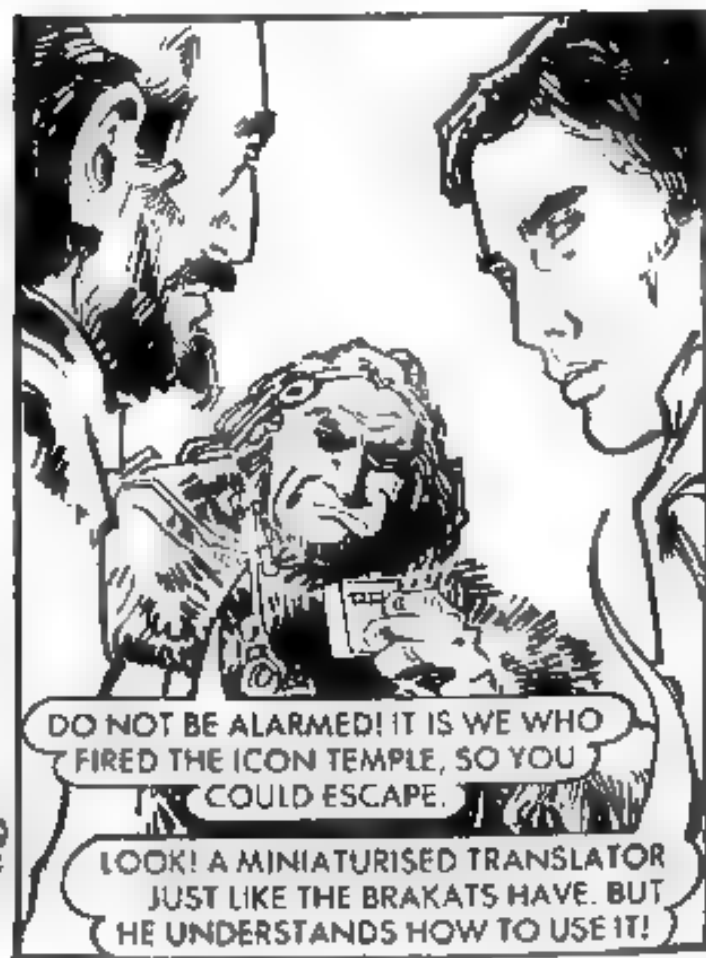
HERE GOES ... UHH! TOO  
FAST! WHAT ... ?

TOD'S HIT SOMETHING! LET'S  
GET DOWN THERE, PROFESSOR!



I'LL DO MY BEST.  
HOLD ON ... NNNNGH!


CAREFUL, PROFESSOR ... NNNNGH!





BY FIRST LIGHT...





YOU OPPOSE THE ICONS, SO DO WE! YOU BRING  
NEW KNOWLEDGE FROM BEYOND PORTAN. PERHAPS  
TOGETHER WE CAN DEFEAT THEM.

WE DISCOVERED THE ICONS'  
SECRET. WHO BUILT THEM?



WE DID! A SALUTORY TALE OF  
COMPLACENCY. LONG AGO, THE  
ICONS WERE OUR ROBOT SERVANTS.







WE, THE VALKIS, ORIGINAL INHABITANTS OF PORTAN CONSTRUCTED ANDROIDS TO ASSIST IN OUR BUILDING PROGRAMME, BUT WE BUILT THEM TOO WELL. CIRCUITS DESIGNED TO GIVE THEM ARTISITC APPRECIATION GAVE THEM THE ABILITY TO THINK AND HATE. WE WERE A PEACEFUL RACE, AND WERE HELPLESS WHEN OUR SUPER-ROBOTS ATTACKED...



THE NEW MASTERS OF PORTAN, THE ICONS BUILT THEIR OWN CULTURE, AND EVEN FORGOT THEY WERE NOT FLESH AND BLOOD. WE BECAME THE SLAVES.



SOME OF US FLED TO LIVE IN THE SWAMPS.  
WE ARE THE LAST "FREE" VALKIS. I AM  
XACKU, DESCENDED FROM THE OLD RULERS.

THEN THE ICONS COPIED YOU  
AND BUILT BRAKAT ROBOTS?

BUT BEFORE XACKU COULD ANSWER...



EAAH! BRAKATI! BRAKATI!

NEVER HAVE THEY COME THIS FAR INTO THE  
SWAMP. WE HAVE ALWAYS BEEN SAFE HERE  
BEFORE.







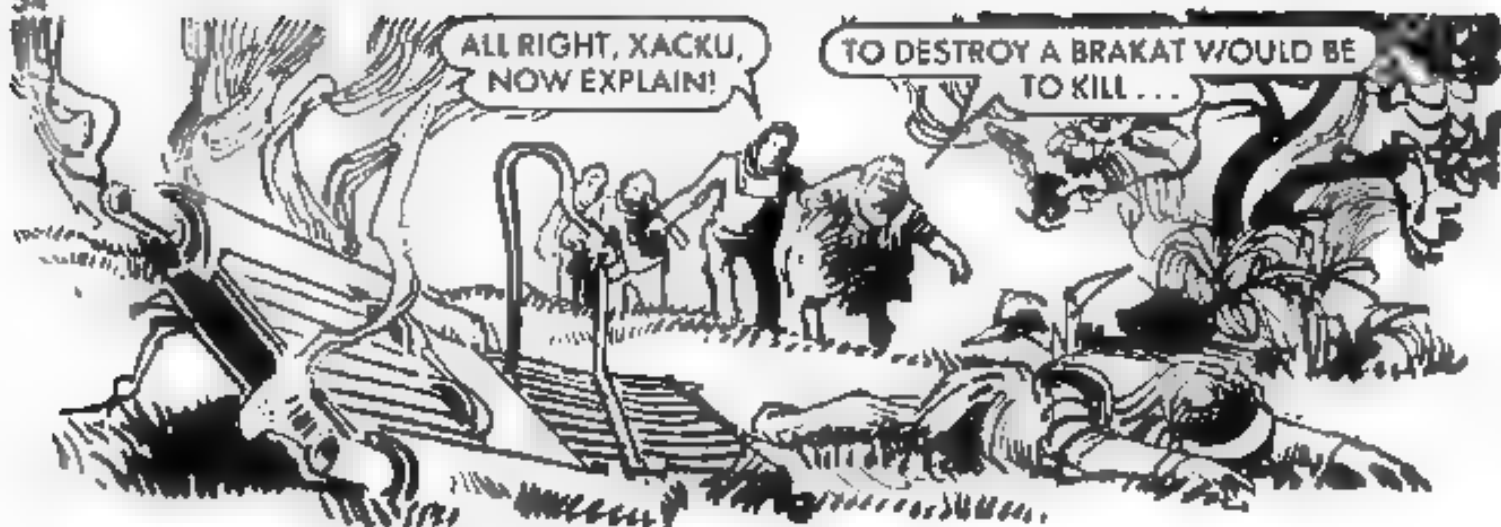


AS THE HOVERBOARD PULLED OUT OF THE DIVE, A VALKIS WARRIOR THREW A SPEAR —



ALL RIGHT, XACKU,  
NOW EXPLAIN!

TO DESTROY A BRAKAT WOULD BE  
TO KILL ...



ONE OF US! THE ICONS TOOK  
MOST OF MY PEOPLE AND  
TURNED THEM INTO LIVING  
ROBOTS!



BRAKAT IS OUR WORD FOR MINDLESS ONE.  
WE ARE THE FEW WHO ESCAPED SUCH A  
FATE.



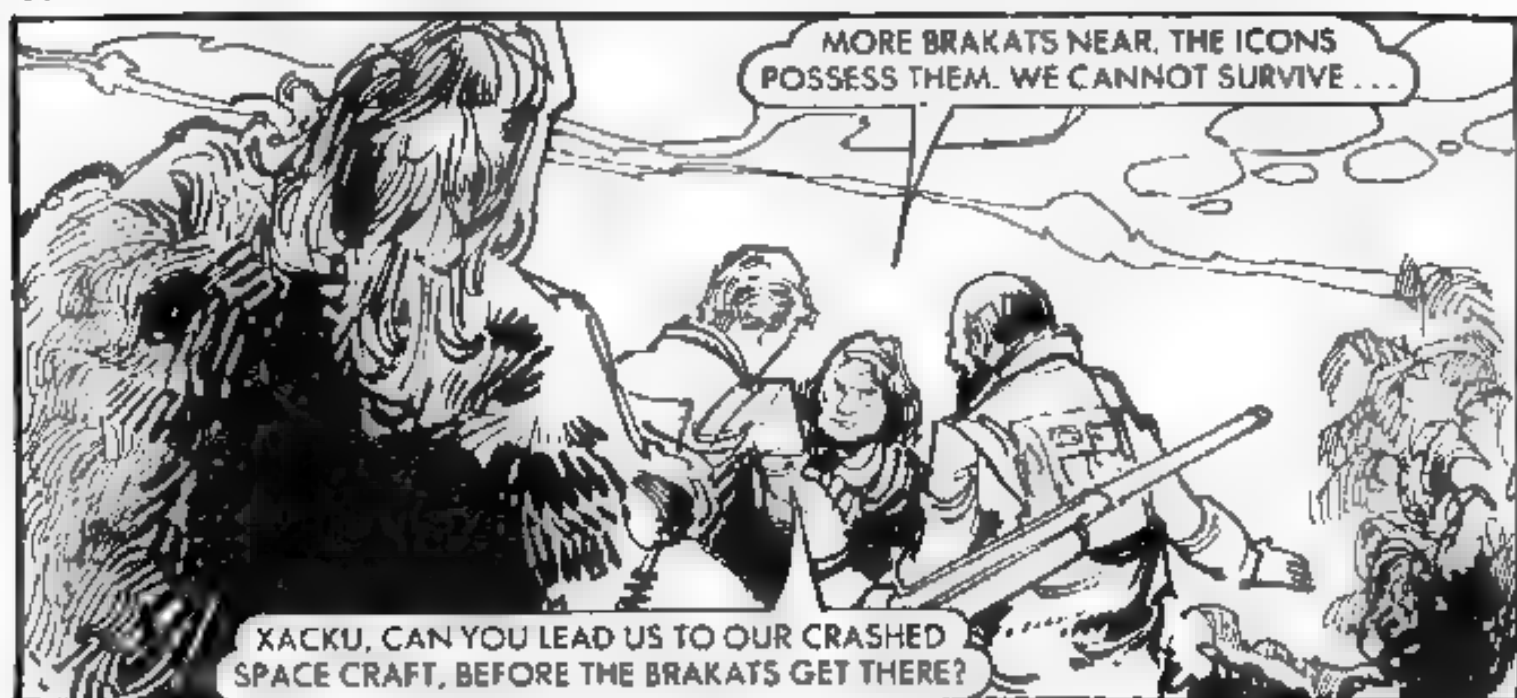
THE HELMET CONTAINS A  
NEURO-SUPPRESSOR AND  
VARIOUS ANODES THAT SEND  
INSTRUCTIONS TO THE  
WEARER.

THE DAZED AND BEWILDERED BRAKAT WAS HELPED TO HIS FEET —



HE SAYS HE REMEMBERS NOTHING.  
IF WE COULD ONLY FREE THE  
OTHERS...

XACKU! XACKU!





XACKU FOUND THE CRASHED CRAFT —

YOU'RE THE ELECTRONICS EXPERT, PROFESSOR. CAN YOU MAKE WHAT I NEED?

WE'VE THE EQUIPMENT ABOARD!  
WHAT I DON'T HAVE IS TIME.

BUT THE PROFESSOR MANAGED —

THERE! AN ELECTRONICALLY-CHARGED GAMMA  
EXPLOSIVE, IN SIMPLE TERMS, A TIME-BOMB ...

IT'LL HAVE TO WORK.

4

AS THEY CREPT ACROSS THE DARKENED COUNTRYSIDE —



NEXT STOP, THE ICON CITY.  
WE'VE A CALL TO MAKE...

BRAKATS! BRAKATS!

OBUTERATE! LET  
NONE SURVIVE!



AIM FOR THEIR HELMETS.

WHILE THE OTHERS KEPT THE BRAKATS ORGANISED, JIM AND THE PROFESSOR HEADED FOR THE FORBIDDEN BUILDING—

THERE'S THE BUILDING PROFESSOR. IT JUST HAS TO BE THE ICON'S NERVE CENTRE.

IT MAKES SENSE—SORT OF WHERE THEY RECHARGE THEIR BATTERIES. THEY HAVE TO BE BUILT AND REPAIRED SOMEWHERE.

WE CAN'T AFFORD TO BE WRONG. THE FORCE FIELD SHOULD ACTIVATE IF I TAKE A STEP CLOSER.

THAT GAMMA PISTOL YOU BROUGHT FROM THE SHIP WON'T NEUTRALISE IT...

NO, BUT IF I SET IT TO ELECTRO-FIRE  
IT MIGHT JUST PUNCH A HOLE IN IT.

... USING ONE POWER SUPPLY TO  
WEAKEN ANOTHER, IT'S POSSIBLE.



IT BETTER BE, PROFESSOR.  
HERE GOES ...

THAT BLINDING LIGHT ...  
INCALCUABLE ENERGY BURNING UP!





TOD WAS DETERMINED TO HOLD OUT —

WE CAN'T WIN, XACKU, BUT I'D  
RATHER DIE FIGHTING!

THE VALKIS, TOO!  
NO SURRENDER!

JIM AND THE PROF WERE IN TROUBLE —

THIS PLACE IS AN ICON  
FACTORY!

THE TIME-BOMB'S SET.  
WE'VE ONE MINUTE ...

THEY JUST MANAGED TO GET CLEAR —



YOU CUT IT CLOSE, PROFESSOR.



ICONS! THEY'RE STILL STANDING.  
THEN... THEN WE'VE GUESSED WRONG!

NOT QUITE, PROFESSOR.



THE BRAKATS WERE ALSO AFFECTED—

THE BRAKATS... THEY ARE LIFELESS...

AS THOUGH SOMEONE TURNED THEM OFF. I'VE A SURE-FIRE HUNCH WHO...



NOT LONG AFTERWARDS—

THEN BY DESTROYING THE ICONS,  
THE BRAKATS LOST ALL POWER.

THEIR EVERY MOVE WAS ON ICON ORDERS  
RELAYED THROUGH THE HELMET  
CONTROLS. WITHOUT THEIR MASTERS, THE  
BRAKATS CEASED TO OPERATE.

WE WILL REBUILD THE VALKI CIVILISATION  
ON PORTAN. BUT NEVER AGAIN WILL WE  
ALLOW ROBOTS TO TAKE US OVER!

TALKING OF REBUILDING, WE'VE OUR  
SPACE CRAFT TO THINK OF. THAT IS, IF WE  
EVER WANT TO SEE EARTH AGAIN.

LONG, HARD DAYS SAW THE CRAFT IN  
OPERATIONAL ORDER —

EVERYTHING'S FULLY OPERATIONAL —  
INCLUDING THE COMPUTER PILOT . . .



FAREWELLS WERE SAID, AND THE TERRAN CRAFT PULLED FOR SPACE —





**DON'T  
MISS**

**THIS MONTH'S OTHER  
ACTION-PACKED  
ADVENTURE**

# STARBLAZER

SPACE FICTION ADVENTURE IN PICTURES No. 128

IF THE WARLORD  
WASN'T STOPPED IN  
HIS MAD RAMPAGE  
ACROSS THE GALAXY,  
THE EARTH WOULD  
BECOME

**The  
Grave  
Of Mankind**

**NOW ON SALE**

# STARBLAZER'S

GUIDE TO THE SPACEMEN 42-44



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The three cosmonauts who crewed Soyuz 7 were Lieutenant Colonel Anatoli V. Filipchenko right, Vladislav Nikolayevich Volkov centre and Lieutenant Colonel Viktor Vasilyevich Gorbatko. This mission, lasting 4 days 22 hrs. 41 mins. began on October 12, 1969. Volkov flew the 23 day 18 hr. 22 min. Soyuz 11 mission on June 6, 1971, but tragically, a malfunction on re-entry ended in his death. Filipchenko flew Soyuz 16 on December 2, 1974 for 5 days 22 hrs. 24 mins. Gorbatko flew Soyuz 24 for 17 days 16 hrs. 8 min. starting on February 7, 1977 and Soyuz 37 which was launched on July 23, 1980 and flew for 7 days 20 hrs. 42 mins.